streets by 8 o'clock, ready for anything that might turn up. The "something" came when the special police officers sworn was like shaking a red flag in a bovine's

face, and trouble began to brew. once surrounded by a gang of the strikers who pressed them against buildings and began to take their badges away from them. The first man who appears to have been thus attacked was Alex. Burns. He started south on the west side of Illinois street and when he reached the Spencer House some striker cried out: "There's one of 'em, grab his badge." At once Burns was in the trying to take his badge, but fought valiantly and succeeded in where the crowd followed him and was strengthened by another equally as large. Detective Splann seeing the crowd from a distance hurried to it and forced his way through to the assistance of Burns. He spoke to the crowd, telling it that Burns was a duly authorized officer of the law and was to be respected as much as a regular policeman. But this did not seem to have any effect on the mob, for they followed the two officers north on Illinois to Washington. At the corner of Georgia street a few other specials were met and they joined Splann and Burns and were subjected to the same jeers and oaths. One of the strikers deprecated the actions of the crowd and pleaded with it not to harm Burns or any of the special officers, for the same reasons argued by Splann, but the petition was drowned in a volume of hisses and calls of "traitor." "he's turning scab." etc. At the corner of Washington and Illinois Burns met his brother and with him proceeded east on Washington, bound for the station-house. When in front of the Progress clothing store the crowd, which had been following Burns all the time, again closed in about him and began tearing his coat and one or two slapped him in the face. He and his brother then rushed into the Progress store and slammed the door shut. The strikers attempted to enter, but fell back when the clerks of the store appeared and told them they must his badge.

Having complied with the wishes of the crowd, Burns came out upon the street again. He passed east on Washington street with a hundred or more following. who were evidently in a humor to visit him with further violence. He broke into | tary form, and not that we anticipate any a run, heading for the court-house, with | trouble at all. As to the State troops from the crowd at his heels. They followed him into the building to the doors of the Police | ly be the case, inasmuch as none from this Court, where Burns was met by a detachment of police, who cleared the halls of his tormentors. Burns asked for Mayor Sullivan, but that official was not at hand. Superintendent Colbert asked what was the matter, and Burns, wiping the blood from his face said he desired to hand in his police badge if he could not be protected. "I was forced into this against my will," said the amateur policeman; "the mob has knocked me down and torn my clothes. They would have killed me if it had not been for my brother." Colbert asked what had become of Pierson, who had gone out with Burns, and the latter replied that Pierson had been taken away from him at the corner of Illinois and Washington streets. Colbert released Burns for the day and told him to report to-day, at 7 A. M.

F. M. White, another special policeman, suffered at the hands of the mob yesterday. One of the specials had arrested a man and started with him for the police station. A crowd surrounded him and attempted to take the man away. White went to his rescue and the mob closed in on them. The arrested man was taken away from them and the two specials were roughly handled, White's eyes being blackened and his hat badly battered. He does not know the other officer or what be-

came of him. An extra policeman met with rough usage at the Louisiana-street barn. He happened to be walking by when the mob caught sight of his badge and grabbed him. He was buffeted by many hands and finally pitched into the entrance of the tunnel. He was not seriously hurt and doubtless thinking discretion the better part of valor went through the tunnel and did not re-

turn.
There seemed to be an explicit understanding all along the lines that there was to be no effort made to run cars in the afternoon yesterday, and the crowds that gathered in the forenoon around the Louisana-street car stables and along the adjacent streets, dispersed entirely, leaving the place as quiet as on ordinary occasions. Even the stray knots of gossipers that usually linger behind a sensation of any kind were missing and not a symptom of the mob spirit of the morning remained.

WAITING AT THE BARNS.

Great Expectations at New Jersey Street Disappointed-"Office No. 2." At 7 o'clock in the morning half a dozen of the strikers gathered in the "Friendly Inn," as they named the little house on the fair grounds, at the head of New Jersey street. This has been their headquarters from the beginning of the strike, as it is within a stone's throw of the New Jerseystreet barn and commands the switches where the cars turn on the north bank of the historic State ditch. At about the same | in the crowd of strikers and without any hour the drivers and conductors who have cast their fortunes with the company gathered in the barn office, where there was a dismissed. cheerful fire and comfortable seats, and there awaited orders. Meanwhile the strikers built a fire in the

stove at the Friendly Inn and as the smoke gracefully curled out of the wrinkled stove-pipe on its side the sign of cheer was seen from a distance and more men gathered until the little house was quite filled, while the small boys of the neighborhood, having had their breakfast, stood about until school time with ears open to hear what was going to be done next. The men, however, gave no information and the youngsters who had had a taste of wild excitement on Saturday, went sadiy off to school. About 8:30 a second small building was brought from further back in the fair grounds, and lined up beside the Friendly Inn. This was built of corrugated iron, and while it afforded shelter from the drizzling rain was cold and cheerless enough with its open, sashless windows.

The strikers did not gather in force as the merning were on, and including the sympathizing neighbors, scarcely filled the two small buts, though a dingy store near by on Central avenue held a half dozen strikers, who were on hand to receive and forward news by telephone. The day was dismal and the waiting weary. Hour after hour passed on, and at noon it began to be evident that no attempt would be made to move the cars on that day at least. At the barns the eighteen or twenty drivers and conductors whiled away the time with reminiscences of the scenes through which they passed on Saturday, while the barn boss, Jim Bledsoe, put a great tin steamer on the cannon stove and fired up to make coffee for the faithful. Various suggestions were made to Mr. Bledsee in the nature of enriching the lunch. some even going so far as to propose champagne as an addition to the beverages, blue points and frog legs to the edibles. When the coffee was ready they sat down to sandwiches and cheese, and, though the variety was scant, the menu proved very filling. After 12 o'clock news came to both sets of watchers that there would be no attempt made to run cars, and the Friendly Inn and the barn office were soon vacated, the strikers coming down town to learn what was going on at the brotherhood meeting.

Horse-Play at Shelby Street.

Early yesterday morning quite a large crowd gathered at the Shelby-street barn, the impression having gene abroad that an attempt would be made to run cars from that sanctuary of the patient mule. There were many women in the throng, and they were exceedingly vocal in their demonstrations toward the non-union men who had put in an appearance at the stables and their male friends in making existence unpleasant for these employes, and offensive title of "seab," with other more highly-flavored epithets, was frequently repeated from high soprano down to deepest bass. A News reporter appeared upon the scene. He was mercilessly guyed by the crowd and running the gauntlet of adverse criticism dis-

what and thinking a favorable opportunity had arrived, he attempted to make his escape. On catching a glimpse of the luckin Sunday began to appear on the streets. less minion of the afternoon paper the The sight of these unfortunate individuals strikers and their friends again paid their respects to him. This second evation took in large measure the form of sarcastic It was hardly safe for a special police- laughter, which was coupled with jeers man to walk along the street for he was at | and scornful allusions to the character of notices that the strikers had been receiving in the News. The reporter met with no personal violence and made his way to a neighboring drug store, whence, having recovered breath and cooled his burning ears, he took up his long and weary return journey to his office. The strikers felt much elated at the opportunity that had been afforded to express their center of a dozen frenzied men, all sentiments, and the incident afforded them he much amusement for a considerable part of the forenoon. It was all the more valreleasing himself only long enough uable as a relief of the tediousness of wait-to cross over to the east side of the street, ing, as little else of moment occurred.

THAT MILITIA STORY.

None Has Been Called Out and None Is Likely to Be. The report has been current for the past three or four days that the State militia would be called into service, and with each succeeding day the rumor has gained ground, until the question most generally asked every day is, "Why don't the militia appear? I thought it was to be out to-day." Last night this report was amplified to the extent that all or a large part of the State troops had been secretly ordered to report to the Adjutant-general in this city to-mor-

row morning. The two statements were given strength by the fact that the armory in Masonio Hall was seen to be brilliantiv lighted last night. From mouth to mouth was the report carried that the troops would surely be out to-day. Colonel W. F. McKee, of the Second Regiment, was seen at the armory after the doors were opened and asked as to the general talk.

"There is absolutely no truth in the rumor at all. On my personal belief there will be no company on the streets to-morrow. None has been ordered out from this city nor have I even been ordered to hold not enter. Several yelled, "Pull off that badge and we'll let you go." So as a final resort, in self-defense, the man did take off and needs no warning to prevare. The cause of the drill in the armory to-night is simply the fact that it is Company A's regular drill night and aside from this nothing has been done. There has themselves as still entitled to the position last. The violations of the law are charged been a guard over the arms in the armory which they have vacated, and that it as having been continuous since February, since Saturday simply as a matter of milicity have been. The resources of the city and county must first be exhausted before the State can be called upon. The county has not been asked for assistance yet, so it is unlikely that the State has been called upon."

IMPORTED TALENT. Twenty-Six Detectives from St. Louis Here

"to Run Street Cars." The early morning trains are seldom crowded, and when a number of men, all dressed more or less alike and all having that peculiar look that marks them as strangers, arrive at once or in bunches, the proper conclusion is not hard to reach in a time of a strike. Such a gang, or rather two gangs, arrived yesterday morning on the 3:30 o'clock and the 4:15 o'clock trains from St. Louis. They belong to Furlong's Detective Agency, and were accompanied by Furlong himself. There were in all twenty-six of them. It was probably thought advisable that half should come on one train and half on the other. The trainmen spotted them and sought to find out their mission, having recognized Fur-

'None of your d— business." The first gang left the station by the Meridian-street route and went north, The other gang went north on Illinois street. They met at Mrs. James's hotel on North Delaware street, and asked for accommodations. When their business became known to the landlady she fired them all out, bag and baggage. They next went to the Circle House on Meridian street, where they registered as Western Union linemen. Mr. Furlong signed himself C.

Knott. The appearance of these "linemen" was described by some who saw them as tough enough to scare a street-car mule. They mingled through the crowd yesterday to get the lay of the city. A number of them spent the time in the afternoon in the saloons, while Furlong was in the tow of local detectives, One, who was under the influence of liquor, is reported to have said, in a swaggering way, that they were here to fight strikers and run street cars. Mr. Frenzel yesterday announced through his organ, the News, that no men had been imported.

Dental Student's Experience.

Amongst the list of those arrested on Saturday morning for implication in the street-car riots appears the name of Mr. W. H. Harp. Mr. Harp has been for two years a student at the Indiana Dental College and by his demeanor and studious habits has earned the respect and esteem of the entire faculty. While harrying to the college on Saturday morning he became mixed cause was arrested. Dr. Hurty at once bailed him out, and yesterday morning, on motion of Mr. McCoy, the case was at once

The Charter Valld.

Augustus L. Mason said yesterday to a Journal reporter: "I find in looking up the statute that the validity of the Citizens' company's charter is not affected by the fact that it was not signed by the Mayor and the city clerk. Had the signature of the Mayor been required to make the ordinance valid it would virtually have given him the veto power; and that is something ho Mayor of this city ever had until the present charter became a law."

Sympathy of the Tailors.

At a meeting of local union No. 157. Journeymen Tailors of America, the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, The brotherhood of street-car employes have seen fit to go out on strike against the Citizens' Street-railway Company and their president, John P. Frenzel. Resolved, That we tender them our sympathy and financial aid, as for as possible, and an order be drawn on the treasury for \$33 and forwarded to the treasurer of the advisory committee.

VIEWS OF THE STRIKE.

The Point at Which Politics Was Injected Into the Street-Railway Trouble.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal:

I have heard many persons charging the Republican party with taking a political stand in favor of the strikers and of attempting to throw this matter of the strike into politics. Now a moment's recollection will bring up the fact that a man has been put by the Chicago owners of the streetcar lines at the head of the company here whose only qualification was the fact that he was a very prominent and influential Democratic politician. He had no knowledge of the business, no capacity to manage men-nothing but his political position. Let the Chicago crowd howl politics, polities. They inaugurated that thing. The Republicans denounce that kind of politics and insist upon fair dealing with the people. A political boss is abhorrent to them. These Chicago men who own the road sneer at the people of Indianapolis; call them their enemies, scoff at a committee of our citizens who go on a friendly errand to them and defy public sentiment here. How long since is it since ther were suppliants and beggars for an extension of their charter! How long will it be till they are again in that position? Have not our city authorities favored that company above all others? Has not the door been slammed in the face of any other company that sought entrance here! Who has any rights in our streets but this insolent and arrogant corporation? Do they think that ready to go to work should their services our patience will never endf Do they be needed. The women helped the strikers | think that they can spit on our people and their wishes and get a renewal of their charter! They may yet be mistaken.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 29. CITIZEN. Rev. Hunter Urges Obedience to Law. To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal:

New York Herald. Your editorial of this morning on the street-car question is sound. We cannot appeared in the office. Here he waited for sanction bloodshed nor the destruction of with yellow hair and blue eyes, he shakes first to unravel himself, and, grabbing the that flaming plain, with its horrible sandy some time until, the crowd thinning some- | property, even though the position of the

company is an insult to the city, and the action of its president an injustice to the employes. Our sympathy is not with Mr. Frenzel. But it is to be hoped that the employes will give up the contest, and await the verdict of time rather than have a repetition of Saturday's violence. We hope the men will yield rather than resort to force. The people should rememthe company in the future. should be compelled to live up to the letter of the law. Let the citizens of Indianapolis refrain from violence. Labor will gain in the long run by submitting to present tyranny. Let us have peace. A sentiment has been created which will bring the questions of a franchise and a State Board of Arbitration to the front. The public knows where the responsibility for this trouble rests. Let labor stand together for men in the next street-railway to terms.

R. V. HUNTER. Indianapolis, Feb. 29.

Our Grass-Throwing Mayor.

Philadelphia Times. Indianapolis is without street-car service owing to the riotous proceedings of the strikers and their sympathizers. The Mayor tried to help the street-car companies run their cars by throwing grass at the rioters-that is by giving inadequate police protection to the cars and their drivers. This plan failed, as it always does, and the Mayor is now getting ready to throw stones. The cars were hauled off over Sunday, and it may be that within that time the strikers and their employers will reach an agreement, which will be the best solution of the trouble. This failing the Mayor of Indianapolis will have a chance to show whether he knows what a Mayor is for.

The Authorities to Blame,

Philadelphia Press. Indianapolis is again in the hands of the street-car rioters. It is the experience here and elsewhere that if the authorities but will, such demonstrations, which are a disgrace to a municipality's civilization, can be prevented. If men strike over a question of wages or privileges, that is their inalienable right. They can leave the employ of an obnoxious company, and by so doing discommode it, but when they regard is theirs to retain, by force if necessary, a principle is established which is not only illogical, but dangerously anarchistic. If erties of competing distilling companies to hand and swear in enough men to keep order, they are directly responsible for any damage done. Too often the authorities are believers in the principle that the position left by a striker is still his, and are indifferent to the rights of employers, which, in the case of street-car companies, means the rights of the citizens, and in consequence are on the edge of bloody times before they know what is going on.

Playing Into Frenzel's Hands.

Terre Haute Express. The men engaged in acts of violence a Indianapolis are performing a service for the unpopular John Frenzel and his streetcar company. He no doubt appreciates it, and will utilize it to the fullest advantage. Undoubtedly he is going to win this fight, now that rioting has begun. The authorities will be compelled to preserve order in the end, and Frenzel will get his cars going again. It is a nasty fight, and an unfortunate situation for the employes he has dealt badly with, but they cannot win a strike where violence is resorted to and the employer is of the stubborn, bullheaded sort of which Frenzel is a preemment representative.

Reforms that Are Needed.

Pittsburg Dispatch. Indianapolis has at least two reforms urgently pressed upon its consideration. Its police force should be strengthened and its strikers should be taught that violence is out of place in the labor disputes of to-

TARANTULAS AS BEDFELLOWS. Terrible Experience Related by a Miner That Precipitated Brain Fever. San Francisco Chronicle.

Joseph Gandelmyer, a mining man of Ne-

vada, told the following thrilling story in the famous Palace Hotel, the other day: "One day in the summer of 1861," said he, "after inducing three acquaintances to join me, I set out for the land of sage brush. My particular object in going was to better my fortune by any method I could. Two the party were prospectors, and the fourth, a Dr. Heath, went along to spy out a good location for a hog ranch. Well, after crossing the Sierra at Walker's Pass, we found ourselves in Owens Valley, which is now in Inyo county. Dusk was approaching, and when, after riding a distance in the teeth of a cold wind, we found ourselves at a deserted adobe but by the roadside we halted, unpacked and unsaddled our animals, and prepared to camp for the night. There was feed for the horses in abundance, and while one staked them out the others began preparations for supper and made the beds ready. My friends proferred sleeping under a large oak tree near, but I chose a spot adjoining the old adobe house, where I spread my blankets close to the wall, where the wind would not reach me. After a hearty meal we all retired to our respective beds on the ground and readily dropped off to sleep. "I presume it was within an hour of daybreak when I awoke with a sudden start. A peculiarly dreadful feeling, worse than any nightmare, took possession of me. felt paralyzed and was alraid to stir. There was something moving over my face. It was not a large object, but as it moved about the trail left seemed to scorch my face. I felt the thing traverse my face from the left eye down over my nose and mouth. Then it crossed to the other side and explored in the region of my ear. Then it was gone.

"I knew it was not a snake gliding over my face, but some animal much smaller. though what it was I was utterly unable to conjecture. I was wide awake, of course, but such an uncomfortable horror held me fast that I was unable to move a muscle and gazed helplessly up at the stars. Once I tried to call out to my companions, but not a sound could I muster. I lay there rigid as a log, maybe for one minute, maybe for five, when I again knew that the same thing or something like it was on my hand, which rested outside the blanket. and a cold chill ran up my arm and through my whole body. Still I was absolutely powerless to move a limb, and involuntarily closed my eyes, almost expecting to feel them closed in death, so dreadful and undescribable was the sensation. Next I knew 'it' was climbing up over my throat, then my chin and about my nose. An irresistible impulse caused me to open my right eye, and I saw by the dim light the fiery eyes of a big tarantula looking into mine, with the hairy body on my face not two inches away!

"Knowing that death, or at least painful injury, might result if I moved my body. I immediately dropped the eyelid, and had the satisfaction of feeling the sprawling spider crawl over that eye to my forehead and into my hair, where prepared a nest and finally settled down, no doubt as snugly and comfortably as a bug in a rug. You may think you can imagine my feelings, but you cannot. For a full half hour, should judge, I endured all the suspense and torment that comes to most mortals in a lifetime, and allowed another spider to slowly crawl up my leg, not knowing at what time I would feel those black fongs sink into my flesh.

"But, thank God, that did not happen, or I should probably not now be alive. Ages after that, so it seemed, Dr. Heath arose, and after dressing came to see if I was awake. I whispered to him the particulars of my plight, and in my hair, which had been standing on end for I don't know how long, he discovered and at once killed one of the tarantulas, an immense fellow, fully three inches long. Carefully turning back the blankets and examining me, he found twelve others that had undoubtedly sought my quarter for warmth. These he quickly but quietly despatched in a manner not to alarm the others. When the strain was over I fainted and was delirious with brain fever for many days. Since then, you may depend upon it, I have always taken good care in the selection of a camping spot, for of all the bedfellows one can encounter one

of the most terrifying is a tarantula." ----Sermonette on the Devil.

When the devil sees a man whose business only warrants the employment of one

WHISKY TRUST IN TROUBLE

All of Its Officers and Directors Indicted for Violating the Sherman Law.

President Greenbut and Others Arrested and Placed Under Bonds to Appear in the Federal Court at Boston Next Monday.

CHICAGO, Feb. 29 .- It is at last definitely known that the federal grand jury at Boston, on Feb. 11, indicted all the officers and elections who will advocate legislation directors of the Cattle-feeding and Distilling Company, better known as the Whisky Trust, for violating the Sherman anti-trust law. To-day United States Marshal Hitchcock's deputies were engaged in serving warrants for the arrest of the indicted men. The following-named persons are indicted: Joseph B. Greenhut, of Peoria, president of the trust; Herbert L. Terrell, of New York, vice-president: William N. Hobart, of Cincinnati, treasurer: Warren H. Corning, Julius E. French, of Cloveland, O.: Lewis H. Greene, of Cincinnati; Nelson Morris, George J. Gibson and Peter J. Hennessy, of Chicago, directors. Hennessy is also secretary. He was arrested this morning. Mr. Greenhut was arrested at Peoria this morning and gave bail there in the sum of \$10,000 for his appearance before the United States Courtin Bostonnext Monday, where it is understood the cases are all to be tried. Mr. Hennessy appeared before United States Commissioner Haine this afternoon and was released on \$10,000 bail. It was decided to make the arrests at this time as Mr. Greenhut contemplated going on a visit to Europe within a day or two. Treasurer Hobart and Director Greene were arrested at Cincinnati and gave bail before Commissioner Hooper. The indictment is of an omnibus character, making its charges against the officers

and directors in a body. It is returned as of date of the second Tuesday in December the number of seventy." From Aug. 1. 1890, up to the time of finding the indictments, "they controlled the output of these distilleries, and sold 66,000,000 gallons at prices fixed by them. They did unjustly, unlawfully and oppressively monopolize the distilling and cattle-feeding as aforesaid, the manufacture and sale of high wines, alcohol, spirits, gins and whiskies." The indictment then sets out agreements be-tween the trust and Dexter T. Mills, Erastus T. Gaffield and John Joyce, whereby, in consideration of the purchase of trust goods, they were to receive rebates of 2 cents per gailon. The prices charged, the indictment says, were largely in excess of the usual prices at which goods of the kind were sold previous to the organization of the trust. The defendants in so doing did. it is alleged, unlawfully and oppressively prevent and counteract the effects of free competition on the price of said spirits. and did unlawfully exact and procure great sums of money in said district from the said Mills & Gassield, as co-partners, and from the said Joyce, and from divers

other persons, contrary to law. The warrant for the arrest of the whisky magnates was sworn out by Judge Horton, of the Department of Justice, at Boston. Gibson, it is learned, went to Peoria on Saturday, and a telegram has been sent to the deputy there to arrest him. The defense of the trust officials will be that they are a regularly incorporated company on a large scale, and doing business under a charter from the State of Illinois, and that one company cannot combine to create a trust or monopoly.

Two Arrested at Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, Feb. 29.-Warren E. Corning and Julius French, the two directors of the Whisky Trust living in Cleveland, arrived home to-day from the East. They were met at the train by a United States deputy marshal, who informed them that he held warrants for their arrest. They went at once before Judge Hicks, of the United States Court, and surrendered themselves, giving bail each in the sum of \$10,000 for their appearance in Boston whenever they shall be wanted.

PRESIDENT IVES'S RIDE,

When the Locomotive Struck the Bridge, That Structure Was Moved Seven Inches.

Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Letter in Chicago Tribune. Three or four years ago President Ives. of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern railroad, was coming down the road in his special, after an inspection tour to Stoux Falls. Chief Engineer White, General Passenger Agent Hannegan, General Freight Agent Utt and the president's son Charlie, who has now become general freight agent, were among those on the old special car No. 101. The equipment of the road was not in as good condition then as now, but President Ives believed it was a better roadbed than the New York Central had. He would pin his faith to that any time, and nobody connected with the road ever thought of differing with the "old

man. Now, between Livermore and Goldfield, there is a good long stretch of straight track which swings off in a sharp bend at Goldfield, just as the bridge over Boone river is reached. The Boone is not a large stream anywhere, and up here near its beadwaters it is a pretty small waterway to be called a river. Still it is big enough to have a bridge over it, and that is something. All the way down the party had been sitting in the cozy little office at the end of the car looking out over the track, spinning varns and smoking, and every little while President Ives would growl out something about the slow time the train was making.

At last, when Livermore was reached and a stop made to take water, he said to his son: "Charlie, go ahead and tell the engineer to pull her wide open; I'm getting tired of this slow time." Charlie obeyed with cheerful alacrity. No message ever lost any of its redundant accessories when he carried it, so he went up to the engine and yelled: "Dave, the old man says he wants you to pull her wide open or he'll raise hell; if you're afraid to run the train

he'll come up himself." "Ob, he will, will he?" replied old Funk, When the train started there was a jold that nearly cracked the coupling-pine and Livermore was out of sight in about a miles General Passenger Agent Hannegan said: "That's a denced big herd of cattle grazing over there." The fact was that there were several berds of cattle, but the velocity of the train merged them into one. than a mile apart, began to look like a row of city flats. All this time the inmates of had his watch in his hand and was vainly trying to count the telegraph poles, so as to gauge the speed of the train. General Passenger Agent Hannegan was hanging on to a window-sill with both hands, and the sudden and terrific jolts, his hands | else-rest. grasping the sides of the chair, his teeth twenty miles an hour faster than he wantprepared to die rather than acknowledge by any sign or word that it wasn't the smoothest roadbed he had everridden over. In the meantime the car rolled from side settled down again as though it was going right through to China. It was wonderful

how it ever kept the rails, but it did. When the train began drawing near Boone river everybody drew a sigh of relief, thinking Funk would surely slow up | ing desert. for the bridge. But he didn't. In fact, he two, and all of a sudden the bend and the bridge were struck. There was a fearful jar that seemed to tear the car apart. Preslanded on Passenger Agent Hannegan. General Freight Agent Utt, who was thrown into a corner, lay still and drew on the resources of a choice and rich vocabulary of profanity. Chief engineer

come home from the club at 2 A. M. and finds the door-bell won't respond. "I'll bet that bridge has been knocked two feet out of line," shouted the excited

The rest of the party scotled at the idea "Well, then, let's run back and soe," said the chief engineer. "I tell you that bridge is at least two feet out of plumb, and I'll bet a month's salary on it."

The train was brought to a standstill and then ran back to the bridge. Reaching there the whole party disembarked and the engineer produced a foot rule. The bridge had been moved bodily by the force of the blow-not so much as Mr. White had said, but a good seven inches, as was proved by actual measurement. Nobody pretends to say how fast the train was run, but everybody on board is willing to swear the record has never been broken, and the time made was faster than President Ives ever wants to travel again.

TRUTH ABOUT TIN-PLATE. Facts and Figures That Are Unanswerable by Hostile Politicians,

New York Press. Mr. G. E. Kepple, of Pittsburg, editor of the American Tin-plate Review, is in New York to secure accurate information concerning the tin-plate industry's growth under the McKinley tariff act, and this is what he says about it: "When the last Congress adjourned there was more or less doubt in the minds of many as to the value of certain acts passed. The feeling in reference to the tinplate schedule of the tariff not was not one of doubt; it was positive distrust produced by prejudice. Its opponents argued that it had been passed for political effect, and that alone; that because previous unsuccessful efforts had been made to establish the tin-plate industry it could never be made a success in this country; that manufacturers were only bluthing when they talked of putting their millions into the business; and, finally, that tin-plate could not be made here. It was sheer nonsense to say we could not make tin-plate in America. It is not a question of ability. Every American should have enough national pride about him not to make such a statement. What can be made anywhere can be made in America, provided we have the facilities and the material with which to do the work. We have the facilities. We have the inventive genius and brains. The material is being reached. It is even denied that we are mining in America. I have samof block tin in my in Pittsburg that came from the Temescal mines in California, where there are two small mills working, capable of reducing J. Henry Moser, Her Instructor, Tells of Her forty tons of ore per day. There are two more mills with an increased capacity being put in, and 105 men are at work opening up the mines, runping the tunnels and prospecting the lodes. There has been much stress put on a statement that there will never be enough tin mined here to supply the market. I am informed that Mr. Wilson, of the Harney Peak mines in the Black Hills, has a standing offer to contract with any accredited tin-importer of New York to furnish him with one hundred tons of block tin one year from now at \$50 per ton less than the market price to-day. If Mr. Wilson does not overestimate the possibilities of the American mines we can shortly say that we will no longer pay \$30,000,000 to the coolies in the Straits of Malacca and the Welsh manufacturers for tin plate. We will make our own prod-

lasked Mr. Kepple about the number of tin-plate manufacturing concerns organized in the United States, when he said: "The Tinned-plate Manufacturers' Association of the United States comprises thirty large manufacturing firms, with a com-bined capital of several millions of dollars. They are all either making tin or preparing to do so. New companies are springing up all over the country. The McKin-ley Tin-plate Company has just been organized in Pittsburg. A new com-pany in California with a capital of \$5,-000,000 has also been formed recently. It will operate in Mexico and California. The Tin-plate Consumers' Association of the United States, which, by the way, has a strong Democratic tint on the surface, tried to create a sensation some weeks ago by issuing a circular from their headquarters in New York, in which they said that since the McKinley bill passed they have had to pay over \$10,000,000 more for the plates they use in their factories and work-shops, and that the present duty will add every year over \$15,000,000 to the cost of raw material. I don't know what kind of a system of mathematics was employed to compute this problem. It certainly was one known only to the members of the Consumers' Association. It does not seem to have occurred to them that the price of tinplate in England has been so reduced in consequence of the diminished demand from this country and the eager at-tempts of the English and Welsh makers to hold their American customers as to nearly ofiset the extraduty. For example, the increased duty amounts to \$1,26 a box of 105 pounds, while the reduction in price in one year is \$1.06 per box. The difference between these two figures represents all the temporary increase of price to American consumers. But there is still another way of putting it. The tinware used in this country is made out of tin-plate, about 95 per cent. iron and 5 per cent. tin, so that, even if for the next five years, or until our industry has been developed there should be an additional cost of 15 per cent. on the tin, it would not make a difference of I cent per capita according to the population of the entire country. Further than this, the average importations of bar tin for the past three years have been less than 15,000 tons, which is 30,000,000 pounds, at 4 cents a pound. If we produce one-half this amount, the duty on the remaining half will be \$600,000 a year, which is less than I cent per capita each year to the are investing their money in the industry on faith that the voters of the United States will sustain the law that will protect American laborers while they are making American tin from American material and consuming American products." ---

CRAFTY GERONIMO'S TRICK. Followers of the Doughty Redskin Burrow

in the Sand to Ambuscade Soldiers. I saw Goronimo and a dozen of his Apaches do something in Arizona in 1887 which I would never have believed possi-

ble had I not witnessed it with my own

The Apaches are, unquestionably, the most dreaded tribe of ludians on this continent, They are tougher, more enduring and more unconquerable than any other of their race. An Apache can lope up the side of a mountain with the thermometer marking 120 degrees, and when he reaches the top he won't show a drop of extra perspiration, nor will be breathe a whit faster than when he started. He will go for days without a morsel of food or a drop of water; he will live on snakes, mice and refuse, or if minute. Before the train had gone two | the worst comes to the worst will shoot his horse, and eat what he wants of him raw. Set out to pursue a band of Apache raiders. and if they are hard pressed they will separate, each one for himself, so that the only way to keep up the pursuit is to follow The farm-houses, which were never negrer | them individually, in which case the Apache is sure to have the best end of the contract. When the hunt is over the dusky the special were being tossed about the car | miscreants will come together at some like a dollar in a basket. Engineer White | point twenty or thirty or more miles away. There were twenty-five of us cavalrymen, returning from one of our fruitless pursuits of the terrible Geronimo. Our horses were worn out and so were we. It was one of the hottest days I have ever General Freight Agent Uzt had backed his | known in that throbbing furnace of a chair up in a corner so that he could not | country. We had several miles of baked be hurled to the floor. President Ives sat | alkali plain still to traverse before reachin his chair in the middle of the floor, his | ing the fort, where we could secure shade feet well spread out so as to guard against | and water and what we needed most of all

Whew! but it was hot. Had not the nir set and his face pale. He was riding about | been perfectly dry neither man nor beast could have stood it. The metal-work on ed to, but he wouldn't own up, and he was our guns was so heated that no one could bear to touch it with the naked hand. The air shimmered and throbbed as it does over a newly-ploughed field at noontide of a summer day. North, east, south and west to side, jumped clear of the track, and then | was one level stretch of plain, on which not a tree, shrub, or even blade of grass grew. Far to the westward could be seen the ontlines of the fort, oddly distorted. through the quivering atmosphere, but in every other direction was the naked, burn-

We were strung along for a distance of seemed to give the lever an extra notch or | several hundred yards. In fact, there was a squad of five horsemen much further than that to the rear. All the animals were plodding slowly through the sand, which ident Ives keeled over in his chair and | it seemed to me was not enough to roast | remember his arithmetic. "Never mind eggs, their heads drooping, while we were simply enduring it, grimly closing our one octillionth," as he looked around teeth, bolding out to reach the post.

from Geronimo? Could we old campaign-White and Charne Ives were mextricably ers be entrapped! Low, level sand on every small office boy hiring a young typewriter | mixed up, but the chief engineer was the | hand. Well, right there in the midst of

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root, that frightful chieftain and his Apaches ambuscaded us. It sounds incredible, but it is the fact.
Suddenly I heard rifle firing at the rear.

It had a dull, odd sound, but was close at hand, and as I turned in the saddle I saw that the squad furthest away were engaged in a desperate fight with a party of In-dians, who were on foot, shooting, striking and darting hither and thither like so many demons. We instantly wheeled and hurried back as fast as we could to the help of our com-

rades, but before we could reach them three saddles were emptied, and Gerenimo and his warriors were scurrying across the plain at a speed greater than any to which we could force our exhausted ponies, who sunk to their fetlocks at every step. We gave them a parting volley which wounded several, but they managed to imp off with the help of the others, and all were soon beyond danger. I don't know how far they traveled off over that burning desolation, but it may have been many miles, for they were capable of doing it if they chose. Those Apaches must have discovered our approach while we were a good ways off. Knowing we were on our return to the post, they could easily calculate where we would pass. They then burrowed in the sand, covering themselves entirely with the blistering particles, so that only their snake-like eyes peered forth. Thus we passed within a few rods of them without suspecting their presence. In conversation with General Crook about the extraordinary incident, the old campaigner smiled and said:

"I am not surprised; I have seen them do the same thing myself; but the Apache is the only Indian that can do it." MRS. HARRISON AS AN ARTIST.

New York Recorder. James Henry Moser, who enjoys the distinction of being Mrs. President Harrison's art instructor, and whose reputation is not confined to the limits of Washington alone, placed on view yesterday in the studio of Alfred Tucker, at 3 Union square, a collection of 150 water-colors. This exhibition inciudes ali the latest works of Mr. Moser and was given for the pleasure of the artist's friends and the press exclusively.

None of the pictures have been exhibited before, nor will any be publicly shown in this city. They will, however, be placed on view at Fischer's gallery in Washington on March 7. Among the most attractive water-colors which Mr. Moser shows are "An April Sunset," "The Old Meeting-house in Blossom Time," "A Yellow Afterglow" and "Fading Light." in landscapure Mr. Moser 18 unquestionably at his best. Several studies of negro boys and an interior view of the White House conservatory are both interesting in subject and excellently painted. A carefully executed study of azaleas, painted by Mrs. Harrison, under the direction of Mr. Moser, was privately shown to the writer. The picture evidenced a most serious effort to present the flowers as they were in nature, and not merely to make something that should be pretty, which is the desire of so many lady amateurs. Speaking of Mrs. Harrison and her art work, Mr. Moser said: "I never met any

one who made such rapid progress in art study as did Mrs. Harrison. She had had no previous instruction in water-ce or painting when I became her tutor, but she took up the course of study which I prepared for her with the enthusiasm of one whose subsistence depended upon her industry. At the start Mrs. Harrison contented herself with copying my pictures, but as she became more expert in the handling of water-colors, she would paint such subjects as appealed to her, which, for the most part, were within a short distance from the White

House. "A favorite sketching ground with Mrs. Harrison is the rear veranda of the executive mansion. Here my clever, as well as distinguished, pupil and myself often sketched for hours at a time. Some charming views may be obtained from the spot on clear days. "Mrs. Harrison is averse to having her

art work exhibited in public, though it cannot be gainsaid that her pictures are in more than one mstance, very much superior to the average work of the unprofessional artist, whose efforts cumber the walls of our picture galleries. The flower piece painted by Mrs. Harrison which Mr. Moser displayed was done on porcelain, and was very tastefully framed in light blue plush and silver. The picture was sent as a Christmas gift by Mrs. Harrison to Mr. Moser, who spent the recent holidays in Mystic, Conn. Mr. Moser

leaves for Washington to-day, and will take his collection of water-colors with TREASURE TROVE IN THE STREET. Savannah Laborers Unearth a Heap of

Buried Silver Coin.

Treasure-seekers will be upturning the streets of Savannah now for hidden wealth. Three of the city street-hands are richer by a number of dollars for a recent find While the city force was at work on Bull street excavating for sewer-traps and laying sewers, preparatory to the asphalting of Bull street to the park, a party of workmen uncovered a pile of silver which has been hidden, doubtless, for more than half a century. The workmen were digging a trench

when one of them, William Dunn, turned up a pile of silver half-dollars and other silver money with hisspade. Dunn dropped his spade at once and commenced to gather the silver into his hat. George Blanden, a negro, who had just shovelled over the same spot, turned and saw Dunn gathering up silver without limit, it seemed to him. Blanden, too, dropped his spade and went for the silver with both hands. A white laborer named Scully also reached the spot in time to get a share of the newly discovered wealth. The cache was soon exhausted and the men proceeded to examine their gains. Most of it was in silver half dollars of the dates from 1824 to 1826 and some an earlier date

along Bull street, near Jones street lane,

than 1824. There were also a number of French and Spanish pieces. Dunn, who is an old man, refused to let anybody count his money, and carried off without letting any one know the exact amount. The others estimated his pile at over \$50, but he informed a Morning News reporter that he had sold all of it for \$18.75, its face value, to various parties. Blanden said he got \$10 and that Scully got \$5.25. Blanden sold his to various

parties for a slight advance on its face value, and Scully did the same. In Scully's pile was a very old five-franc piece. AN EXAMPLE IN FIGURES.

How Much is One Vigintillionth of an Inch of a Lot. San Francisco Chromeia. In California sales of lots for delinquent

taxes are made to the lowest bidder—that is, the one who takes the least amount of land for the taxes due upon it. Many infinitesimal bids are made, for the reason that the purchase of the smallest fraction prevents any other person from procuring a clear title. At a tax sale in San Diego the other day, for taxes amounting to \$16.25, there were three bidders, Payne, Frame and Kipp. Payne began by saying that he would take the whole lot. This was followed by a series of reducing bids until Kipp called ont: "One thousandth of an inch." "One hundred-thousandth," said "One millionth," said Frame. "One billionth," snavely remarked Kipp, "One trilhouth," called out Frame, as he got ready to put up the "One quintillionth," bawled out money. Kipp. "Let's see," said Frame, trying to the next two steps, I'll run her down to Was there anything to be apprehended bed-rock yet," said Kipp, who was from Geronimo? Could we old campaign- up in his arithmetic. "I'll pay the taxes for one vigintillionth of an inch of the lot," "Is there anything lower than shore. that!" said Frame, in despair. "No, sir."

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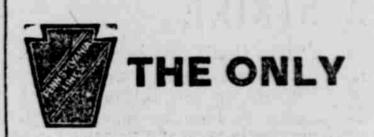
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lowest figure in the arithmetic and you can't bid lower." And as Mr. Kennedy agreed with him Kipp was declared the successful bidder. Then came the question how this astounding sale should be recorded. Every one gave it up, until finally an arithmetic was hunted up, and it was decided that onevigintillionth of an inch should be expressed decimally in this way: .000,000,000,-000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000, 000,000,000,000,000,000,001. Young students of arithmetic can find amusing if not instructive employment in trying to estimate how large a flower-plat can be laid out in such an amount of space.

Jedge Waxem's Political Proverbs.

Detroit Free Press A Congressman that kin talk and will talk ought to be made to shut up. Good clos don't make a statesman no moren bad ones does. You can't allus tell a pattriot by his clean Thars pattriots that'll bear watchin' when the stabel doar ain't locked.

A politishun haint mutch use fer wings.

The devil is lookin' for preachership politticks. Our best wimmen let ther husbans run the country. When a man thinks he ain't abel to hold a offis he's heddin tords a lunatic asilum,

A new Congressman gits the sass knocked